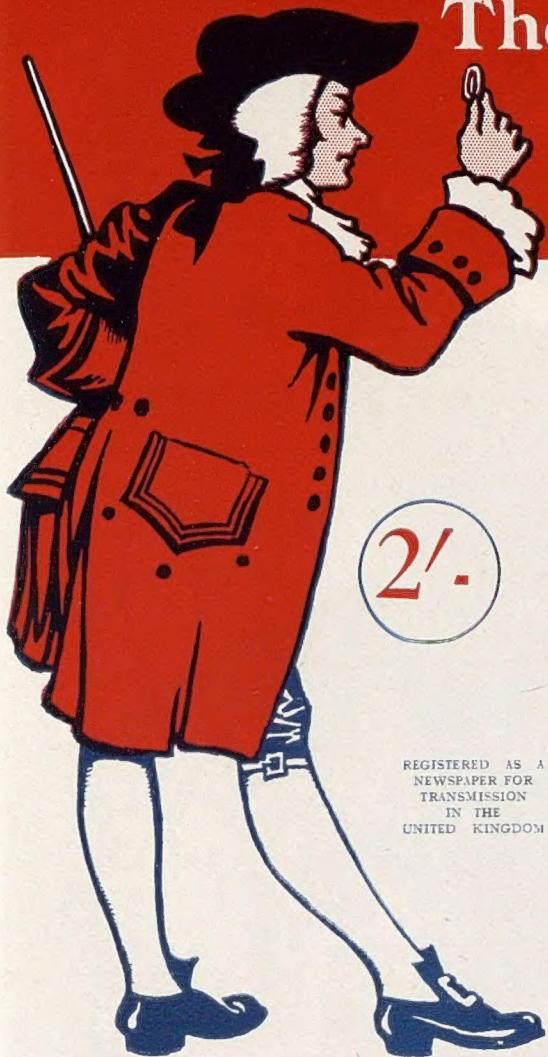


The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVIII and BYSTANDER

London
June 23, 1948



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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

JUNE 23, 1948

Vol. CLXXXVII No. 2450

IN THIS ISSUE

Queens' College:
The quincentenary was marked by the presence of H.M. the Queen, the first occasion on which a Queen of England has visited the ancient college since the reign of Anne. Picture on p. 363.

Prince Philip is now a freeman of the City of London. A brilliant study of His Royal Highness, whose speech was very well received, is on p. 362.

Royal Horse Show at Richmond, held this year in glorious weather, was attended by many of the leading personalities of the sporting world. Pictures will be found on pp. 368-9.

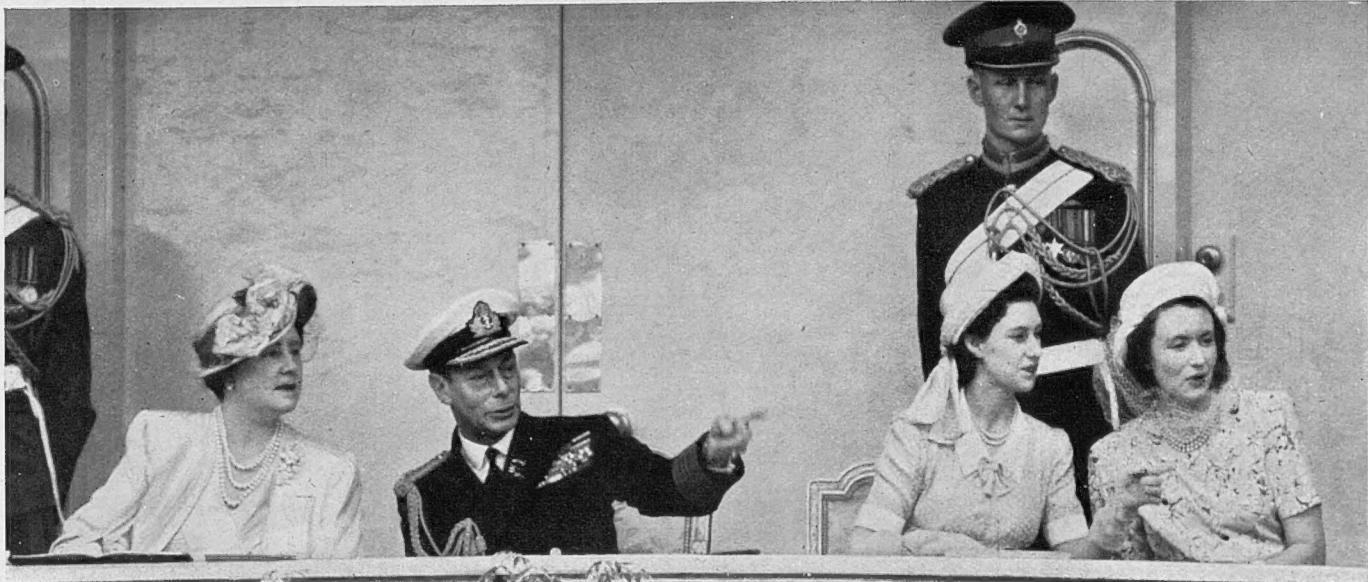
The Footlights, Cambridge's all-male dramatic club, have staged their 51st Revue, a notable satire on Town and Gown Life at the Varsity, under the title "La Vie Cambridgienne." Pictures pp. 356-7.

Yvonne Arnaud's triumphant return to the West End is critically examined by Anthony Cookman, and Tom Titt's brush portrays some of the humours of our leading comedienne's new play, "Traveller's Joy," pp. 356-7.



QUEEN FREDERIKA OF GREECE

congratulates ex-King Michael of Rumania after his wedding to Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma in a private chapel of the Royal Palace in Athens. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Damaskinos with Greek Orthodox rites. The diamond necklace the bride wore was a gift from the bridegroom. They spent the first part of the honeymoon at the Palace of Tatoi, and then went on to Switzerland



A brilliant piece of manoeuvring at the Royal Tournament absorbs the interest of the King and Queen. Meanwhile Princess Margaret draws the attention of Lady Mary Harvey, wife of the Queen's private secretary, to the same detail

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

SIR MAX BEERBOHM used to say—and perhaps still says—that when present-day London disappoints him he has an infallible remedy.

"I imagine the present is the past. I imagine myself a man of the twenty-first century, a person with an historic sense, whose prayer that he should behold the London of a hundred years ago has been granted. And my heart is filled with rapture! Look! There's a horse drawing a cart! And look! There's a quite small house—a lovely little thing that looks as though it had been built by the hand of man, and as though a man might quite pleasantly live in it. It has a chimney with smoke coming out of it. And there's a coal heaver!"

I have been applying this imaginative formula to the present London summer and wondering how—if at all—it will be remembered.

As the year when all those French horses came over from Chantilly and Maison Lafitte and upset a lot of knowledgeable people at Epsom and Ascot?

Or will the memory be of a summer when men, although content to remain shabby and dull the rest of the year, suddenly remembered that, to watch horses run around a track in the afternoon, it was essential to place on one's head a cylindrical box of paste-board covered with grey felt or silken hair (such as were then worn by bank messengers) and to don jackets with much valuable waste material drooping down the back—thus emulating the current women's fashions?

Or will it be of a year when the town again became aware of a man called a "house painter," saw thousands of them everywhere at work, and when there was an encouraging noise of carpentry—especially from such essential premises as bookmakers', night clubs, tax offices and ladies' hairdressers.

Or perhaps—

"My grandfather well remembers the summer of forty-eight. One morning in June he was sitting in a club with a colonel of the Brigade of Guards who was dissertating on

the subject of the scarlet uniforms—which were being worn, it seems, as late as 1938 or '39.

"He was saying that until the time of Charles the Second the Royal colours had been blue—if anything—and telling a lot of old stories, such as that the officers wore red sashes because in battle they were used as bandages and the red camouflaged the blood of the wounded.

"My grandfather asked the colonel if he knew where the music came from for the Slow March known, from its words, as 'By the Right, by the Left, by the Centre,' and then told him it was pinched from *The Marriage of Figaro*.

"Just at that moment, as the colonel shifted his chair to get out of the strong morning sunlight and was looking at his watch, someone came into the lounge and whispered something to the colonel, who, says my grandfather, turned quite pale and cried out: 'Impossible!'

"Yes, that was the day they cancelled the Trooping the Colour for fear of the rain's hurting the uniforms."

Perhaps that will not be a memory after all—except for me, for I was with the colonel. It was a most embarrassing morning.

No, perhaps the memory of the summer of 1948 will be of one when transatlantic celebrities flooded into the town so fast that there was no means of recording their arrival, let alone their departure.

(That is, unless they had music hall contracts in their baggage.)

And of a summer when scores of the English born came back to their homeland, explaining that they were now U.S. citizens, but they had the greatest admiration for the courage of the people of the Old Country who, etc., etc.

Truly, London is for the moment the cosmopolitan capital again after the sallow war years when each summer seemed so much the same—save for the flying-bomb summer of 1944—and only the heralded dawn was bright. (I am reminded that it was a niece of Max Beerbohm's, Miss Iris Tree, who wrote of the

sameness of life in the first war, a poem of which I can only recall the first verse:

The days come up as beggars in the street
With empty hands, as summers without sun
That bring no gold of corn. With weary feet
We tread our ways not caring where they run.)

ONE reads from impressionable correspondents such exciting information as "New York has been hit this week by Miss Myrna Loy, Preston Sturges, and none other than the glamorous Lauren Bacall." Fie! I could walk you across fifty yards of thick pile carpet in the West End to-day and show you Hollywood's brightest jewels at two a penny, maharajahs at sixpence, Italian millionaires at a shilling and as many assorted titles as you want free of charge.

At the same time, we must not rest on these achievements. We are still a long, long, long way behind Paris in the amenities we provide for visitors. Can anyone explain (I will not ask Mr. Strachey, who obviously can't) the maintenance of the "no-bread-at-meals" farce?

If it is enforced so that the American visitor be impressed by our poverty it obviously fails, for the appointments of a West End restaurant are as luxurious as its cuisine is likely to be squalid. Moreover, the regular client to a restaurant is never—in my experience—refused bread, while the American visitor (or any other stranger) is made to obey this silly little regulation.

Go into any pub at luncheon time and see whether the regulation is enforced, and, should it be, it only remains for the customer to get to his feet and buy sandwich-bread at the bar.

Of less importance to the visitor, perhaps, is the iniquity of the "authorized surcharge" which Mr. Strachey allows to be slipped on to the bill at the management's discretion, with no guarantee as to where the 10 per cent (or sixpence in the five shillings) really goes. For, mark you, the waiters still expect their 10 per cent to 15 per cent tip on a total which is made to include the authorized 10 per cent!

A little note should be attached to the menu

explaining that the authorized 10 per cent is to enable the restaurant owners to pay the generous new Government scale of wages, where before, in many cases, no wages were paid—much to the dissatisfaction of the staffs of the better restaurants, who prefer the old tipping system and *tronc* distribution to the staff.

But come, come; this is a carping, dispraising, cavilling vein to follow at the hour of midsummer when a smile should be on every lip and lightness in every heart.

FOR a week or so there has been lying on my desk a slim volume which has become so much a mystery for me that I have hardly dared to open it.

It has a forbidding title: *The Education of the Enlightened Despots*, and its author is H.R.H. Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Siam, a name vaguely reminiscent of Brooklands when it was a race-car track.

Here I have been in error; I have been thinking of Prince Bira—while this Prince Chula is his cousin.

With the limelight that beats now more fiercely than ever before on the throne, we have of recent years had some introduction to the education of royalty. The curbing of Edward VII's younger years by Teutonic methods suggested by the Prince Consort are now part of history, while quite recently the Duke of Windsor has given us a critical and sympathetic account of his own upbringing, of the interruption of his service in the Royal Navy when he became heir to the Throne, of his cotton-wool years at Oxford (for which he seemed unsuited) and of the attitude of a father determined that at all costs his son would have the erudition which his own rough naval training had denied him.

None of this in the Siamese princeling's scholarly volume.

He examines the education of Louise XIV, Frederick II, Joseph II (son of Maria Theresa) and Catherine II—a pretty nightmare for an educationist. And the general conclusion arrived at is one which should give some pleasure to Smith minor: was all their instruction (a different thing from "education") worth while? All those tutors? All those theories? All those nursery regulations?

I liked particularly the Empress Catherine's self-epitaph: "In the year 1744 she went to Russia to marry Peter III. Eighteen years of tediousness and solitude caused her to read many books."

Solitude? Tedium? She made up for it all in the next eighteen years or so.

To those future memories of to-day which I thought on, perhaps one might say that this is a summer memorable for a phenomenal measure of dancing—except by the natives.

You can have your pick of Carmen Amaya and her gipsies or Anton Dolin and Markova in *Giselle* and *The Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden, or of Katherine Dunham and her amazing Caribbean troupe, or some clever youngsters calling themselves the "Metropolitan Ballet." Half the shows in town seem to specialize in dancing, and even August promises no surcease, for Covent Garden will then be host to a Franco-American troupe bearing the "Monte Carlo" trademark.

So much for dancing behind the footlights, but when the curtain descends—where? Too few public resorts for dancing and all too few of the dances in private houses that so embroidered June and July nights of yesterday.

Nothing would surprise me less than to know that from this disbalance a new conception of ballroom dancing may be born. Something, for choice, rather stately, and thoughtful, and elegant.

Something—English?

Words Without Songs

Olk Song: PROVERBS

Teach not thy granddam to inhale the yolk,
Nor to Newcastle carry coal (or colk).
Generally speaking, glasshouse-dwelling folk
Shouldn't buzz boulders at the other blok.
By the last straw the camel's back was brolk.
Leave dogs asleep—they bite you if awolk.



According to thy coupons, cut thy clolk.
Be careful not to buy your pig ex-polk.
Give a man rope enough and he will cholk.
No fire—or vice versa—without smolk. . . .
Haven't we had sufficient of this jolk?

—Justin Richardson



"JUST LOOK AT THAT!" Princess Margaret and her father admire the naval rope climbers. The Princess, fully recovered from her recent illness, took keen pleasure in the Royal Tournament, after its opening by the King on his official birthday. The Tournament, which ends on Saturday, is considered the best held since the first World War



Desperate Remedies are the order of the day at the Hotel Gustav when the travellers' allowances give out. Mrs. Beatrice Pelham (Yvonne Arnaud), finds a new use for a pair of scissors when her secretary, Tom Wright (Arthur Macrae), actually produces a whole cigarette, while the Swedish maid Eva (Dora Bryan) looks on with amusement

**Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt**

At the

MR. ARTHUR MACRAE's new farcical comedy is lightly and continuously funny. It is quite brilliantly acted.

The curtain rises at the good old time of eight thirty, and no other entertainment in town is so likely to justify an experiment which has been tried once before without success. It is at the right address. It gives Miss Yvonne Arnaud the best part that she has had for some time, and although most of the laughter springs from the play of that enchanting personality, the situations which she is asked to exploit have been put together with wit and good judgment.

And certainly the comedy's central situation demands a late start. It exposes the trials of travellers who are very rich in England, but do not know after their allotment is exhausted where to turn for the price of a snack in Sweden. Hunger may be an excellent joke—after dinner.

IT is quite impossible, of course, to get anywhere near a satisfactory explanation of the special funniness of any particular farce. Analysing the comic is a grim and a thankless business. There is in the present instance practically no story to tell, and what there is would not, if it were turned into narrative, seem very funny. All that can be plausibly said is that the characters are all very agreeable and droll, and that they keep the central situation agreeably and drolly turning this way and that.

Its first notable turn is given by the arrival of the future Lord Amberly at Stockholm's most expensive hotel, where, as he has heard, his former wife has the most expensive suite. Mr. Charles Victor contrives to look at once opulent and hungry. He has come to borrow money and he is well received by his former wife since

PRESENTING "LA"

The Footlights stage

The Footlights Dramatic Club, nursery of so many of our leading comedians, has been revived in all its prewar satirical strength. Their new revue explores a fresh seam of talent for music, mime and the acid side of comedy.



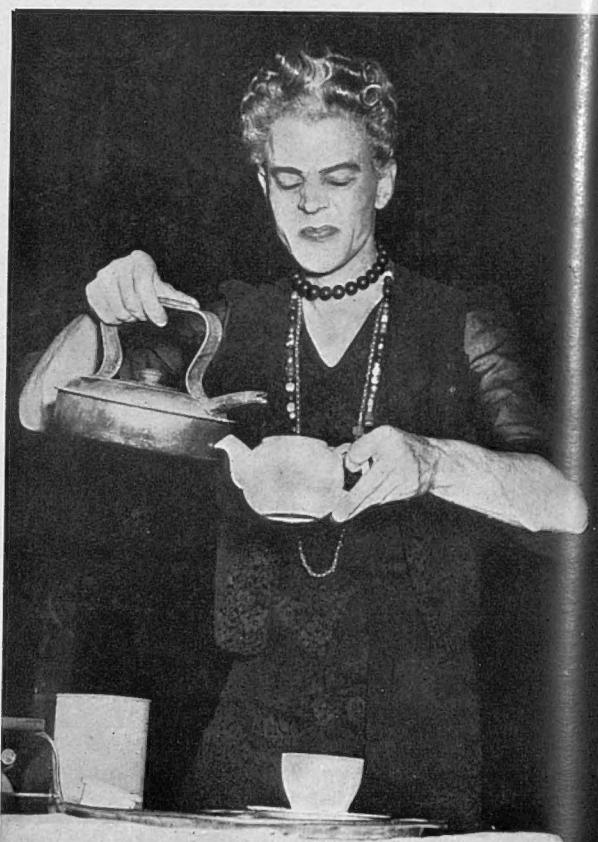
John Morley offers a masterly caricature of the Ram Gopal school of ballet



"*Coffee Grounds.*" Charles Parker, David Eady and Ian Lang as three local celebrities



Maurice Price, with John Marriott as the Woman Vice-Chancellor, forecasts the triumph of Girton



Michael Westmore evokes the spirit of Hermione Gingold in "A Cup of Tea"

Theatre

"Traveller's Joy" (Criterion)

she hopes to borrow money from him. There is the fun of hearing Miss Arnaud order the most sumptuous luncheon that the hotel can provide. Then there is the fun of hearing her wistfully cancelling the order.

AT the next turn these distressed British subjects are shown to have shed a little more of the dignity which is apt to get in the way of people desperately dodging starvation. Humbly and clumsily, Mr. Victor tries to "tap" a woman whose designing air sends cold shivers down his spine, and is given first-rate support in the scene by Miss Helen Christie. Miss Arnaud is left to tackle Lil's travelling companion, a hearty vulgarian with an irrepressible instinct for blackmail. Mr. Archibald Batty comes from the Embassy to exhibit one kind of enlightened self-interest, and Miss Dora Bryan, as a very Swedish maid, exhibits another, even more amusingly. As a rich lady's secretary the author himself lurks watchfully and helpfully unhumorous in the background.

IT is in circumstances of this kind that Miss Arnaud, now bewitchingly mischievous, now fairly squeaking with indignation as the victim of somebody else's mischief, now palming a dish of smoked salmon from the cocktail tray for her breakfast next morning with a nursery pipe of glee, now dexterously throwing out a hint of romantic emotion, gives the most richly satisfying performance of her career. Mr. Victor is an actor Birmingham now seems in danger of losing to London. His comedy, always sound, is in process of gaining polish, and for the second time he partners Miss Arnaud admirably.

VIE CAMBRIDIENNE"

their 51st Revue

Although *La Vie Cambridiennne* is the local joke *in excelsis* it gives promise that University coffee houses are still nurturing the wits who will soon delight a larger audience from the footlights of London



Elster Kay, as the Oldest Principal Boy, pokes malicious fun at the spirit of pantomime



Concealing his misgivings with an ingratiating smile, Reggie Pelham (Charles Victor) makes an attempt to "touch" Lil Fowler (Helen Christie), of whose scheming he has the deepest suspicions. In the background Sydney Fowler (Alexander Gauge) watches with confidence the fish nibbling at the bait—Lil's handbag full of ready cash



"Up the Cam," the brightest costume number, gave fine opportunities for John Silverlight, Harold Perkin, Maurice Price, Cyril Hartley, John Shearman, Ronald Shephard and Michael Wilson. The music director was Peter Tranchell



Stephen Joseph, the Footlights' producer, who is a son of the publisher, gives a final word of advice to his cast before the first night

Freda Bruce Lockhart

Decorations by Hoffnung

At The Pictures

Swan Songs

CLOWNS proverbially long to play tragedy, but there is something distressing about seeing a great artist take his leave in so alien a guise as Raimu assumed for *L'Homme au Chapeau Rond* (at the Academy), his last film before he died.

Raimu was, of course, much more than a comic. He will be remembered best for his wonderful performances in *Carnet de Bal*, that incomparably acted French film, and above all perhaps for *La Femme du Boulanger*, the Rabelaisian slice of village life from the deep French South. These were no comic caricatures but creations from the heart of the human comedy, as were a score of Raimu's sketches for lesser films. There was no apparent reason why he should not take on one of the sombre figures of a Dostoievski novel—or why he should.

Nearly all the characters we identify with Raimu had a rich warm tang as fruity as his Midi accent. They seemed as saturated with the Southern sun as the very vines of France, as deeply rooted in her soil. Even in a trifle like *Monsieur Souris*, Raimu gave the philosopher tramp's banalities an air of mellowness.

Drained of his native virtues, of the rich red blood and ripe wisdom; the lines of his round jovial face dragged down, the eyelids more inscrutably reptilian than ever, Raimu appears far more denuded than Charlie Chaplin without his bowler and baggy trousers. Raimu has both, but they are symbols of seediness, of the depths of dereliction to which the magistrate Nicholas has descended in his fanatical pursuit of revenge for the posthumously discovered infidelity of his beloved wife.

ALL I know of Dostoievski's *The Eternal Husband* is what I have seen in this film, which may or may not be a faithful version. Faithful probably in that Nicholas's methods of revenge by mental torture are as subtly cruel, compared with the usual methods of deceived husbands in Western literature and drama, as the reputed methods of Russian secret police through the ages.

He practises them not only directly on the asthmatic, neurotic philanderer, Michel (Aimé Clariond), whom he haunts with pricks of poison revealing his knowledge that Michel had been his wife's lover and the father of her child. His drink-sodden, pain-warped brain finds it legitimate to revenge himself also indirectly through the child. He grapples her to him by such approved nursery psychology as threatening to hang himself—and going through all the motions—if she does not do as he wishes; turns her against Michel, and then deliberately lets her die under the latter's protection as no more than a stage in the main campaign of revenge.

THERE is no question of Raimu being unequal to this monster of a part. He was a great actor and the repellent figure he creates is an implacable fanatic, a more unbalanced Karenin and to that extent credibly Russian. Perhaps a

Russian interpretation would have introduced relief by a richer emotionalism, a more frenzied imagination. A German actor, a Jannings, would have wallowed in the pathos of gross sentimentality. The French star never unbends from the cold sardonic logic of his vindictive pursuit, never stoops to sentimentalize or to soften the stern outlines of his nightmare personification of conscience.

It is difficult to know which interpretation would be the more painful, but there is no need to consult Aristotle for the instinctive knowledge that so painful a drama must achieve a catharsis to justify itself. Russian fecklessness and fatalism may explain the anticlimax ending in the cliché of a dozen films—the little man walking away from the camera, his purpose incompletely fulfilled, his Moscow never reached. Both the production and direction are below the standard we expect of French films.

APART from Raimu's, the only impressive performance is that of little Lucy Valnor, a perfectly chosen type as the terrorized child, its scared face older than its half-starved body. Even the usually impeccable Aimé Clariond overacts beyond belief, with a haggard make-up reminiscent of early silent films. Most surprising of all for a French picture, the supporting players are lacking in sense of style and period so that I was often confused between the Gay Girls ("Madame Irma's Pensionnaires" whom Nicholas visits in his most sordid moments) and the Grand Girls, the family of impoverished gentry's daughters from whom he tries to buy an unwilling bride.

Raimu's performance is a *tour de force*; a demonstration of his virtuosity as an actor and of the possibility of creating character, even on the screen, outside the actor's personality. Whether the contortion of doing so against his own personality is worth the sacrifice, I am less certain: especially the sacrifice of so rich a personality as Raimu's, memories of which may be more truly as well as more gaily refreshed by even such a foolish nonsense as *Le Roi S'Amuse*, to be revived next week at the Everyman, Hampstead.

MEMORIES—admittedly unclear—of another pre-war French picture, *La Mort du Cygne*, are uncomfortably disturbed by its Hollywood translation at the Empire: *The Unfinished Dance*. I have seen more appalling American versions of European pictures, but the very closeness to the letter and remoteness from the spirit serve to recall the half-forgotten qualities of the French tragedy of adolescence in the ballet school.

As the film has been turned into a vehicle for little Margaret O'Brien, and as the adolescents in America would be teen-agers with their feather-brains full of boy friends instead of première ballerinas the whole story has been put back to the nursery. The ballet school is peopled by tiny tots



tottering precociously on their points, and transferring their affections from ballerina to ballerina as wantonly as gold-digging chorus girls—except little Miss O'Brien, who carries fidelity to her idol (Cyd Charisse) to the pitch of interfering, almost fatally, with the performance of the guest star, La Darina (Karin Booth).

To mitigate the sense of near-monastic vocation which permeated the French film, the little heroine has been given an "almost uncle," a sentimental pawnbroker who brings out a chiming turnip watch to charm the hard heart of the ballet mistress (Ann Codee; one of the few players who accurately suggest the atmosphere).

MISS O'BRIEN'S talent for genuinely childish pathos is well known—and unfailing. The Misses Charisse and Booth are adequate, both in dancing and characterization, Karin Booth even achieving a hint of glamour in the grand manner. To anybody who has no memories of the French film, or of ballet, *The Unfinished Dance* may be a passably pretty children's tale. But *La Mort du Cygne*, apart from its emotional qualities, was one of the rare films to suggest, by its use of ballet frocks and designs for black-and-white photography, what the camera could do with ballet. The flat Technicolor ballet excerpts for *The Unfinished Dance*, from *Swan Lake* danced-on mirrors to what I take to be a new ballet by a Hollywood choreographer danced improbably on hillocks, are as vulgar and boring as any of the symmetrical song-and-dance extravaganzas from the average Technicolor Hollywood musical.

THERE is one recurring nightmare from which I suffer on seeing a certain kind of film. I go cold and stiff with terror that if, by any unlikely fortune, I should ever produce or direct a film myself it might turn out just as inept, just as flat, just as bus-missing as *My Sister and I*, at the New Gallery and Tivoli.

Sometimes my bad dream makes me tolerant towards the film which provokes it. But Harold Huth, who both produced and directed, has been in the film business for a great many years and ought to know better how long a scene may be allowed to drag on, how suddenly it may be slashed and still make sense, how meaningless dialogue may be and still help to make clear what is happening. His latest film kept me in the uncomfortable state of uncertainty without suspense as to what was meant to be going on. The only thing of which I was quite sure was we were all the time in a British studio where, if we weren't careful, we should see the backing of the neighbouring set.

The story of the murder of an eccentric rich widow who runs a provincial theatre to keep the memory of her husband alive was almost promising. Martita Hunt's distinguished character performance and Sally Ann Howes's ingénue charm are too precious to be thus wasted. Dermot Walsh also does his best to give character to the part of the widow's protégé and producer. But Barbara Mullen as a housekeeper, professional or amateur, with a past has become a stock resident of British studios. As the widow's sister she kept reminding me of herself in *Corridor of Mirrors*.

ALICIA MARKOVA AND ANTON DOLIN

which is danced incomparably by Markova, and *Job*, in which Dolin created the character of Satan twenty-six years ago. They have had an extremely successful dancing partnership in the United States and are former members of the Diaghileff company. Markova is a Londoner and Dolin was born in Sussex.



Photograph by Gordon Anthony

George Bilankin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Baron

Col. Sir Eric Crankshaw,
Secretary of the Govern-
ment Hospitality Fund

scoring a century against Harrow, Col. Sir Eric Crankshaw, K.C.M.G., M.B.E., has been since 1929 head of the Government Hospitality Fund. It was instituted forty years ago "on an official basis" to promote international goodwill.

A modest board on the wall details functions to be held, number of guests expected, where and when. There are the tours, transport, entertainments to be arranged, meals to be ordered, hotels to be chosen.

C RANKSHAW abides strictly by the three-course meal. Previously there were five courses, with sherry, white and red wine, sometimes champagne, port, brandy, liqueurs' and whisky. An expert committee buys wines through merchants, and there is enough stock at Lancaster House, under supervision of a butler, to last two or three years. The oldest brandy available for guests is 1875, and the pride of the G.H.F. is the claret (praised even by the late Baron Cartier de Marchienne).

S TATE plate of silver, enough for a hundred at a sitting, is seldom taken out of store at Lancaster House, for functions are so speedily arranged that it is easier to give meals in hotels. Crankshaw has an assistant—brigadier in rank—a host of clerks under Mr. F. J. Craighill, and the quietly efficient Miss Marjorie Thompson, for many years known to celebrities round the globe.

How many foreigners enjoying his consummate tact and thoughtfulness realise Crankshaw's colourful career? At the prep school and in Mr. Mitchell's, a cricketing, house he had as companions the present Marquis of Linlithgow and three of the Queen's brothers. From the Liverpool Militia he went with the Royal Fusiliers to South Africa for five years, playing polo and cricket for the regiment. In Mauritius he met the mother of his often painted daughter, Margaret Joan, now Mme. Abdul Hussein Hamzavi, wife of the Persian diplomatist.

I N 1915, on arrival in France from India, he received a bullet wound which led to the removal of his left arm. He spent six months in hospital recovering from pleurisy and pneumonia, and then became Camp Commandant for General (later Field Marshal) Sir Henry Wilson. Next he was Camp Commandant for Mr. Lloyd George's army of 300 at the Versailles Conference, and assistant secretary to the War Secretary (Mr. Churchill).

At forty-four he had retired to a modest home in Yorkshire, having tasted business life, and retired from the Army. A telegram from Mr. Churchill brought him to London. "Will you take over Government Hospitality?" Many thousands at the Court of St. James's have thanked Mr. Churchill for that wire.



The bridegroom, Capt. Tun-Yung Cheng, of the Chinese Air Force, puts the ring on the finger of his bride, Miss Shao Ying Cheo, who was born in Shanghai

AT A CHINESE WEDDING

The Ambassador, Dr. Cheng,
Performs the Ceremony



The newly-married couple bow to Dr. Cheng after the first wedding he has conducted since coming to London as Ambassador. Capt. Tun-Yung Cheng is a staff officer to the Chinese Air Attaché, and his eighteen-year-old bride has lived in Hampstead for the past ten years



Lady Balfour, Lord Balfour of Inchrye, A/Cmdt: Hanbury, who is head of the W.A.A.F., and Mr. Profumo were among the guests at this successful function held at the Savoy Hotel

Round the Tables at the Dinner-Dance for the Airborne Forces Security Fund



Mrs. Margaret Sweeny and Mr. Christian Kautz
were two more of the guests



The Earl of Dalkeith, son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch, with Miss Portia Ottley



Mrs. Chatterton, Brig. Chatterton and Mrs. Anthony Havelock-Allan (Valerie Hobson)



Lady Margaret Myddelton, sister of the Marquess of Lansdowne, with the Marquess of Northampton



Viscountess Errington, who is a daughter of Viscount Rothermere, with Viscount Cowdray



Florence Countess Jellicoe, widow of the famous Admiral, with Mr. Loudon



Major Gerald Leigh has an after-supper conversation with the Duchess of Marlborough



The Duke of Marlborough with his second daughter, Lady Caroline Waterhouse



Mrs. Riggall and Major R. H. D. Riggall, who is O.C. of a glider pilot squadron



THE NEW FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, waving to the crowds outside the Mansion House after the ceremony in the Guildhall. He was accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, who was accorded the same honour a year ago. The Duke, who was twenty-seven on June 12th, said in his reply, "I would like to accept the Freedom of this City not only for myself but for all those millions who followed during the Second World War."

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Before they left for Windsor Castle to take up residence for ten days over the Royal Ascot meeting, their Majesties fulfilled visits to the Essex Agricultural Show at Orsett and to Olympia for the opening of the Royal Tournament. On the Friday they held the last of the three Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace. Earlier in the week the King honoured the Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, with his presence at lunch at the headquarters of the College in Seaford House, Belgrave Square, which before the war was the London home of the Howard de Walden family. Sir John Slessor was awarded the G.C.B. two days later in the Birthday Honours List.

The Queen that day, accompanied by Princess Margaret, attended the marriage of Mr. Alexander Laing and Miss Graeme Dalrymple-Hamilton at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and then went on to Lady Crosfield's Highgate home to watch the Lawn Tennis Exhibition Matches played in aid of the North Islington Infant Welfare Centre.

* * *

I WENT down to Eton for the Fourth of June celebrations which, until the evening, were far less crowded than before. This, no doubt, was because the "Fourth," kept this year on the 5th, coincided with the Derby. Many family parties gathered round a wireless-set after lunch to hear the race broadcast before returning to Agar's Plough to watch the cricket.

Enjoying the excellent lunch at the "Old House" were the Earl of Mexborough with his sons, Viscount Pollington and the Hon. Charles Savile, who are in Mr. R. C. Martineau's house, Lord and Lady Brocket with their son David, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys with her elder son Mark, and Lord and Lady Braybrooke with their sixteen-year-old son Robin. Later greeting friends on Agar's I saw Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone with their daughter and Etonian grandson, Richard Abel Smith, and his two sisters, Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough with their younger son George, the Hon. Patricia Stourton with her fiancé Mr. Peter Crowder, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath with their daughter and three sons, and Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer with their two children. Also I saw Lord Hazlerigg, Lady Mary Crichton, Mr. John Beaumont, just back from

two years in India, where he has been soldiering, the Countess of Rosse with her son, A. C. R. Armstrong-Jones, Lady Savile with her daughter Deirdre, who was receiving congratulations on her engagement to Major Kent Parrot—one of the most popular of the small contingent of American officers who attended many of the debutante dances last year—also Lady Margaret Huntington-Whitely with her youngest son, John-Miles, now an Old Etonian, Mr. "Pop" Onslow-Fane and his attractive daughter Bridget, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Ivo Fitzherbert, Mr. Victor Goodman and his son, and Lord Glentanar with his daughter and a party of young friends.

AFTER tea I met the Hon. Ben Bathurst and his good-looking wife sending their younger son back to Ludgrove with other young friends who had come over for the afternoon. With them were Col. and Mrs. Brocas Burroughs, Mrs. Rex Benson wearing a very attractive black-and-white hat, and Mr. Michael Hornby. Many more people arrived from Epsom for the Procession of Boats, which this year caused more excitement than ever when one of the crew of the St. George lost his balance when they all stood up, and he dived in and swam to the bank. Watching the Procession I saw Lord and Lady Gage with their daughter (their elder son George was "coxing" the Defiance), the Hon. Mrs. Parshall with her son John, who is a "wet bob," Pamela Lady Aylesford with her daughter, Judy Dugdale, and a party of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb with their young son, and Mrs. T. K. B. Bower with her tall son Tommy.

The day ended with a fine display of fireworks before everyone went home after one more happy Fourth to celebrate the birthday of King George III.

SEVERAL hundred guests were received by the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa and Mrs. Leif Egeland, when they held a reception at South Africa House to celebrate Union Day.

Among the guests I saw in this big gathering were Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Aragao, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, General Sir Miles Dempsey with Lady Dempsey, and Mme. Verdynen chatting, on her arrival, Viscountess Jowitt. Also present were Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, Sir Clive and Lady Baillieu, Brig. Norman Gwatkin, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, Sir Harry Brittain, and Viscount and Viscountess Trenchard, whom I noticed patiently waiting in the long queue. Everywhere I heard the hope expressed at the party that this very popular and intellectual High Commissioner and his charming wife, who have quickly made many friends in this country, will remain here to represent the Union of South Africa in spite of the recent political changes which have taken place there.

ALICIA MARKOVA and Anton Dolin received a great ovation when they appeared with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at Covent Garden after an absence of nine years. They chose the colourful and beautiful ballet *Giselle*, in which Markova danced the part of Giselle exquisitely and was perfectly partnered by Dolin. Watching from the Royal box were Sir John and Lady Anderson, who a few nights previously had entertained the Aga Khan and his Begum at the ballet. For *Giselle* they had Lord Courtauld Thomson with them.

In the stalls I saw Viscount and Viscountess Dangan with Lord and Lady Brocket, Mr. Jesse Saugstad, who is chief of the shipping division in the State Department in Washington and was over in London as Vice-Chairman of the U.S. delegation to the "Safety of Life at Sea" Conference, and Lady Seton-Karr, who told me she had decided not to go abroad this year. Last year she went out to Italy.

MAJOR DANIEL MAYER and his wife gave a very amusing party behind the stage at the Piccadilly Theatre to celebrate the anniversary of the successful naval comedy *Off the Record*, which originally opened in the

coldest week of last year in Edinburgh, and in the hottest week of last summer in London, notwithstanding which the play has proved a tremendous success. Major-Gen. John Hay Beith and Cdr. King-Hall, the joint authors, were both at the party receiving congratulations, and so was Hugh Wakefield, who plays the lead so amusingly. He has not missed a single performance since the play opened. Other guests at the party included Lady Waddilove and her sister Miss Le Gros, Capt. Unwin, Sir Paul Dukes, chatting to A. E. Matthews, Lady Annaly, Mrs. Hay Beith, Jane Welsh, Derek Oldham, who starred in a previous Daniel Mayer long-runner, *Rose Marie*, Mr. Angus McLeod and Major Rudolph Mayer. Members of the cast present beside Hugh Wakefield included Bill Gates, Jack Allen, Phillipa Hiatt, Diana Calderwood and Tom Gill.

MRS. REYNOLDS VEITCH is chairman of the Olympic Ball which takes place at the Dorchester on July 1st in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board's first residential club, with very moderate charges, for elderly ladies of limited means. Mrs. Reynolds Veitch held the first committee meeting at her home, the White Lodge, Richmond Park, where the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, lived immediately after their marriage. She was able to announce that 250 tickets had already been sold. After the meeting everyone enjoyed the gardens, which were a charming sight.

Writing of gardens reminds me that the Queen's Institute of District Nursing National Garden Scheme has now completed a very comprehensive list of gardens open to the public in England and Wales this year in aid of the Association. This list can be obtained from the Secretary, 57, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1. The King has given his permission for the gardens at Sandringham and Frogmore to be opened several times this summer and the Princess Royal is allowing the gardens at Harewood House to be open on August 11th. To help this good cause there is also to be a ball for the Diamond Jubilee appeal of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing on July 9th at the Savoy, for which Mrs. Attlee is chairman. Another ball arranged is the Outward Bound Ball at the Dorchester on June 30th. Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd is chairman of this Ball, which is in aid of the Outward Bound Trust (Short-term Schools for Youth Training), and one more date to remember is the Theatrical Garden Party on June 29th, which takes place at Roehampton Club from 2 to 6.30 p.m.

This year we are promised the first full-dress party with all the glamour of pre-war days in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. They hope to raise £5000.

THE Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, who have done so much to promote interest in British fashions all over the world, recently held a small reception in conjunction with the International Wool Secretariat at Hardy Amies' house in Savile Row. This house was at one time the home of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and still has the original pine panelling and egg and dart carving, which are still in a good state of preservation. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, president of the Society, received the guests, many of whom came from the Dominions and Colonies, where some of them grow wool for export to Great Britain. They included Mr. Douglas Boyd and the Hon. H. K. Nock and Mrs. Nock from Australia, Mr. J. Noolman, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Post, Mr. B. Hobson and Dr. and Mrs. F. J. C. Cronje from South Africa, and Mr. N. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Arthur, Mr. W. Horrobin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lund, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Baines from New Zealand; while from France came M. and Mme. Dubriulle.

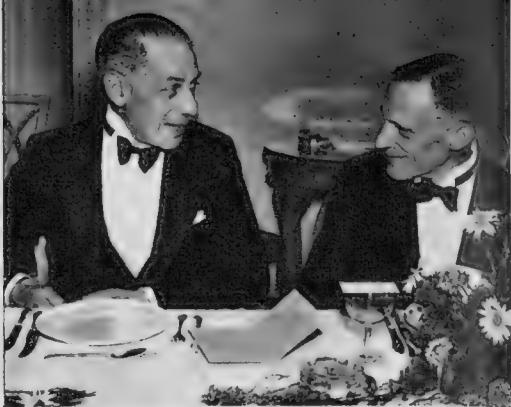
Many of them said how interested they had been to see during their visit what wonders can be done in England with the wool produced abroad and they were amazed at the wonderful materials turned out by our textile factories in the North of England. Also at the party were many personalities of the fashion world, including Mr. Norman Hartnell, Mrs. Lumley, Col. Hardy Amies, Mr. Charles Creed, Miss Patricia Hill and Dr. Edgar Booth.

Her Majesty at Queens' for the Quincentenary

The Queen, with the President of Queens' College, Cambridge, Dr. J. A. Venn, leaving the entrance to the Old Chapel, which is surmounted by a celebrated sundial. The College was founded 500 years ago by Margaret of Anjou, and this was the first official visit by a Queen since Queen Anne



The R.A.F. Goodwill Visit to Sweden



G/Capt. Davies talking to Air Vice-Marshal Gell, who presided. The dinner was held at the May Fair

30 Group (Balloon Barrage) R.A.F. Hold a Reunion



The British Ambassador in Stockholm, H.E. Mr. H. L. Farquhar (centre), talking to Air Vice-Marshal T. C. Traill and Col. Westring, senior staff officer to the C.-in-C., Royal Swedish Air Force



The commander of "A" Flight, F/Lt. Dave Glaser, enjoys a talk with Miss Shelagh Hill-Love, sister-in-law of the Air Attaché, at the British Embassy party



H.E. M. Texeira de Mattos, the Netherlands Minister, chats with Mrs. Charles Simpson, wife of the Air Attaché, and F/O. F. E. Smith



G/Capt. Simpson, the Air Attaché, and S/Ldr. G. H. Smith with Mme. Cervell and Mme. Hagglof, wives of former Air Attachés in London



W/Cdr. Barnes and S/O. Taylor discuss some of their war experiences



S/Ldr. Browning, F/Lt. Bale, Air Cdr. Lincoln, S/Ldr. Robinson and G/Capt. Horne



G/Capt. Hills and W/Cdr. Ken Berry find matter for amusement over an aperitif at this highly successful reunion

**Lt.-Cdr. W. Segrave, D.S.C., R.N.,
Weds Miss Anne Hamilton Grace**



The bride and bridegroom greet Lady Palmer at the reception at 40, Belgrave Square



Col. J. Benskin with Mrs. C. Gurney. The wedding was held at St. James's, Spanish Place



Miss Honor Blake and W/Cdr. Smythe were also among the large number of guests



Cdr. R. A. V. Gregory, R.N., Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. James Norman, Mr. James Norman and (on floor) Cdr. I. W. Beloe, R.N., who was best man



The Hon. Mrs. William Rollo, Cdre. Wentworth, Lady Buchanan-Jardine and the Hon. William Rollo were guests at the May Ball held at the Dorchester in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes

A Ball to Help the Orphans



Fredric March, the film actor, who is visiting Britain, talking to Countess Beatty



Earl Beatty and Mrs. Fredric March exchange information on British and U.S. conditions



Miss A. Hignett, Miss Gillian White and Miss Gillian Carver were three of the younger guests



Mr. Paul Tomlin with Miss Felicity Attlee, second daughter of the Prime Minister



Mr. Long with Lady Ebbisham, wife of Lord Ebbisham, the prominent City figure, who is Treasurer of Dr. Barnardo's



The Nepalese Ambassador, H.E. Gen. Kaiser Shumsher Jung Bahadur Rana, with H.E. the Rani Kaiser



Miss Joan Patteson, Miss Ann Patteson and Miss Mary Patteson, from Montreal



Miss M. Quilty, Miss L. Romano and Miss J. Chisholm wore differing but equally charming styles



Arriving at the Palace gates, guests question a policeman



Mrs. Andrew Cunningham accompanied Miss Helen Latham to this, the last Presentation Party



Mrs. Arthur Turner, of Harrogate, with Miss Enid Oldham, of Macclesfield, whom she presented

On the Way to Buckingham Palace

For the June Presentation Party



Major and Mrs. John Nethersole with Miss Jill Nethersole, daughter of Sir M. Nethersole



Miss Ann Bowater, Miss Jane Bowater and Lady Bowater, wife and daughters of Sir Eric Bowater



Major and Mrs. A. L. Baldwin, of Queensland, Australia, who are staying in Wiltshire



Mr. William R. Long, Miss Patricia Long and Mrs. Long were another three guests



Major Peter Glover, Mrs. Glover, Miss Robertson, Brig. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson



W/Cdr. J. W. Ogilvy-Dalgleish and his wife and daughter were among the 2600 present



SIR CHARLES B. COCHRAN, knighted in the Birthday Honours, photographed recently with Lady Cochran. Sir Charles, who is seventy-five years of age and a native of Sussex, has been connected with the stage ever since his first appearance in New York in 1892, and is still actively engaged in new theatrical ventures. His knighthood is a graceful and well-merited recognition not only of his work for the theatre, but of the respect and affection in which he is held on both sides of the footlights

Priscilla in Paris Sound of Revelry

THE Rose Week that opened the *grande saison de Paris* was rather a damp affair, and several open-air fêtes had to be postponed. The loudest wail went up over the Concour d'Elégances Automobile, and our Beautifuls, who had matched their frocks to their cars—or was it the other way round?—wept bitter tears. To make up for this, however, the indoor parties have been highly successful. The annual book-sale, organised by famous authors assisted by equally famous stage stars in order to aid those writers who have been tripped up by the war or any of the other ills of which life is so lavish, was even more brilliant than usual. President Auriol's car, driving away, looked more like a book salesman's outfit than the State vehicle of the Chief of Government.

First nights, whether at the *Français* or at the A.B.C. Variety theatre, where a gay revue will attract every visitor eager to be amused by André Randal and charmed by pretty little Lilo, have been unusually smart. Any pretext to wear the frocks ordered for Princess Elizabeth's visit are welcomed.

ONE of the most successful events was the ball and gala organised to raise funds for the Paris branch of the R.A.F. Association, at which our Ambassador and Lady Harvey were present. This went with a swing from the closing notes of the Marseillaise and National Anthem that greeted their Excellencies, to the last strains of Fernand Bouillon's dance orchestra to which the young people danced all night. Dawn had donned its R.A.F. blue and the dustmen's lorries were already abroad when the guests left the Hotel George V., where the gala took place in the big ball-room.

Sir Oliver and Lady Harvey, who wore a simple but lovely, slim-waisted, ankle-length frock of black faille striped with velvet, sat at the table of Air Vice-Marshal R. A. George, the Air Attaché. Mrs. George also wore black. The Ambassadoress danced several times, and although Sir Oliver was leaving town very early next morning with President Auriol for the D-Day commemoration ceremonies

in Normandy, they remained quite late. Mrs. Guy Millard, wife of a Second Secretary, also wore black under a gorgeous white-embroidered coatee. At their table I saw the famous French ace Pierre Costerman, who was toasted during the evening, and whose pretty young wife was presented with a bouquet of roses.

M. MAROSELLI, the French Air Minister, M. P. H. Teitgen, Minister of *les Forces Armées*, and Generals Hartman and Lechères were also there. I saw too the Hon. George Ward and Mr. William Teeling, M.P.; while Viscount Duncannon came in later when the dancing was well under way.

At the Marquis de Asmodio's table I saw Princess Maria de Bourbon-Parme, her dark and vivid beauty enhanced by her crushed-strawberry red frock, the Marquise de Biron in white, the Minister, Mr. H. Ashley Clarke and his wife—Mrs. Ashley Clarke was in black and her dark hair was dressed closely like a gleaming cap—Miss Diana Little, Lady Harvey's private secretary, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Belgian Ambassador and Mme. Guillaume, Mr. Peter Hope, and Deputy Edward Bonnafous.

SQ/LDR. GILMOUR-WOOD, who is so active in organising these annual festivities, had at his table M. and Mme. Jean-Gabriel Domergue, Mme. Girard, and M. and Mme. Geffroy. "J.-G." arrived rather late from Enghien, where he had presided at the election of Miss Europe from a bevy of European Beauty Queens. If one may judge from the look exchanged between these two famous Parisians, I think the only lady "J.-G." really admires is his wife, Odette, who looked so lovely under her coronet of soft white curls.

A charming young American visitor, Miss Wendy Russell, looking like a Greuze stylised by Marie Laurencin and posed by "J.-G.", drew the lottery tickets from a drum swathed in the Union Jack, and numerous handsome prizes, ranging from an ensemble from Molyneux

to Germaine Lécomte's new perfume, sponsored by Maurice Chevalier, *Soir de Fête*, went to many lucky winners.

ANOTHER gay party was given by Spinelly at her bijou penthouse overlooking the Champ de Mars. How we managed to pile, fifty strong, into her charming eyrie I do not know, but we did, and were not unduly crowded, even when dancing.

At this party I met Mrs. Edward Robinson, who is giving a one-woman show of her pictures at the end of the month. Her film-star husband is joining her in Paris soon. Also present were Roger Rico, of the Paris Opera, and his wife, an attractive, blue-eyed brunette, and Mme. Marcelle Montclar, one of the smartest of Parisiennes, who wore a black Piguet frock that set off her fair hair and blue eyes to perfection.

Spi herself was definitely Oriental, with her raven-black hair drawn back from her face and piled in a diadem. She wore a swirling Nautch-dancer skirt of flaming silk and a tight little bodice of black velvet with gorgeous Persian jewels, clips, bracelets and earrings matching. M. Paul Abram was there, also Witney Warren, Howard Sturgess, Maurice Yvain and so many other celebrities that I lost count. I did better with the sandwiches, of which there were thirty varieties. I sampled them all, although I was wearing three inches less "waist" than usual.

Voilà!

• An American making his maiden trip to Paris stepped straight from the Clipper into the first available taxi. "Take me for a drive," he said. They cruised along the boulevards. The neon lights blazed forth "American Bar," "Ice Show," "Dancing," "Bowling," "Milk Bar," "Floor Show," "Wonderland," and so on. "Turn right around," said the American, "and drive straight back to the airfield."



Prince William and Prince Richard engage in conversation with Miss Tania Heald, youngest member of the Richmond Horse Society, after her presentation of a bouquet to their mother, the Duchess of Gloucester, on the first day of the Show



Mary Hughes takes the last jump on Mrs. F. Ph. Penry's Shameless to win the Children's (sixteen) Jumping



Miss Jane Kent with the Champion Hack Queen of the Waves, exhibited by Mrs. A. R. Kent, of Cirencester.

THE BEST OF THE SHOW HORSES AT RICHMOND



Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone presenting the Coaching Marathon Cup to Mrs. Cynthia Haydon, driver of Mr. W. T. Barton's winning coach

Opening with a thunderstorm, the Richmond Royal Horse Show developed into a brilliantly competitive three-days display

THE Forty-Eighth Richmond Royal Horse Show opened in a violent thunderstorm. The First Class, Novice Hack, was won by Mrs. Kent's bay mare Queen of the Waves, ridden by her daughter Jane, who later won the Open Hack Class, beating Miss Fawcett's Royal Token, a champion many times last year. Before the day was over, Queen of the Waves, whom Mrs. Kent bought in Ireland last year, had become a champion, winning the Lady Stern Challenge Cup and the Viscount Lee of Fareham Champion Challenge Cup.

The Duke of Gloucester, who is vice-patron of the Show, came on the opening day with the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William and Prince Richard, who were keenly interested when the Garth Fox-hounds paraded round the ring with their huntsman and whipper-in. The second day was largely devoted once again to Children's Pony Classes, and among the exhibitors in these events were the nine-year-old Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, as keen on riding as her

mother, the Duchess of Norfolk; Miss Philippa Cobbold, an enthusiastic eleven-year-old, and ten-year-old Miss Jennifer Skelton, who has won many prizes.

On Saturday came the Hunter Classes, which were judged by Col. Geoff Phipps-Hornby and Major J. C. Lethbridge, and the Ladies' Hunters by the Countess Fortescue and Mrs. Kent. Among the exhibitors in these classes were Mrs. Stanley Barratt, the Hon. Mrs. Devereaux, Mrs. R. A. Dunne, Lord Brougham and Vaux, who also exhibited a good-looking hack on the first day, and Major Cecil Drabble. The Harness Classes were strongly contested with some high-class entries, who appeared to have finer action than ever this year. Among the winners were Mrs. Mellor's gallant brown mare Harlock Chiquita, Mr. James Black's Broompark Choir Boy, and Mr. J. C. Sword's Broompark Silver King.

Jennifer



Mrs. B. H. Mellor's Harlock Chiquita won the class for Harness Ponies under thirteen hands. It also won the Challenge Cup for Harness Ponies for the second year in succession



Mrs. A. D. Henderson, who came up from Gloucestershire for the Show, walking with Miss Elspeth Russi



The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Wells, who visited the Show on the second day, presents the Challenge Cup for the Champion Weight-Carrying Cob, Mr. H. Riddell's Benjamin. This outstanding entry also won the Cup last year



The Hon. Mrs. David Kenworthy, daughter-in-law of Lord Strabolgi, watching the judging with Sir George Beaumont, Bt.



The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk (first and third from right) watch their daughter, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, galloping her pony Silver



The Earl of Athlone, president of the Show, presents the City of London Challenge Cup for the best child rider to Sally Wilson, aged thirteen



A Barrie story about an angler . . . meanwhile—"Silent, upon a Peke in Darien."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LITTLE Solange Chalut-Natal of Fontainebleau, this is for you.

You looked so charming, Solange, in that *Tatler* photograph, presenting that bunch of flowers to the British Princess, and you have such a lovely Christian-name—chiming almost as silvery-sweet as "Chantal"—that we fervently hope that nothing will ever happen to you as happened to your patron, St. Solange, V.M., that angelic shepherdess of Bourges who spurned the local squire and was murdered by him on May 10, A.D. 844.

Squires—at least *chez nous*, Solange—are not so wicked as they were. Death-duties, supertax, insurance, land-tax, Workmen's Compensation, Conversion-Loans, and a few more things have broken their evil spirit, and they do not leap at village maidens from the undergrowth as they did. Why, we know one Sussex squire, Solange, who is so humble and good that he would not raise his hunting-crop even to a married lady; barring Mrs. Golightly of Holly Lodge, at whom anyone would gladly take a crack.

In France, we gather, squires are likewise changed for the better, even our impulsive Celtic kinsmen of Brittany and the roaring Gascons. *C'est bon. C'est même excellent. Continuez, cocos.* However, little Solange, we advise you as we advise all rustic maids—bob quickly and duck out.

Luck

AT a dinner-party in the 1880's (story told by E. F. Benson) a certain Archbishop of Canterbury greatly disliked by the Queen for his bearish manners sat next to a woman who bored him to exhaustion with an endless account of a train-accident from which her aunt had escaped with a shaking.

"Wasn't that lucky?" she twittered at last.

"Not knowing your aunt, can't say," barked his Grace, and thus summarily terminated what might have blossomed into what booksy girls call a Wonderful Friendship. This anecdote always recurs to us when the Fleet Street boys—as recently—unite to detect luck in any citizen's escape from any newsworthy accident. Supposing luck to exist, whose?

His testy Grace incidentally failed to go far enough. By crowning his fair tormentor with the nearest soup-tureen he would have (a) supplied the ideal climax, and (b) provided authorities on etiquette like Mrs. Emily Post (U.S.) with the answer to a query they always dodge. Namely, when dripping with celery-soup showered on you by a prelate of this type, to what topic do you tactfully switch the conversation? Dilapidations? Queen Anne's Bounty? Disestablishment? You can't answer it.

Discipline

HEAVING a girlish sigh for the Guards because their bearskins are the devil to balance in a high wind, a Sunday paper sweetheart needn't have worried. Like the *Vieille Garde*, the Guards enjoy balancing their impressive but absurd hats in any weather.

Standing By . . .

Don't look round yet, but this art is *not exclusive to Guardees*. A very old and honourable Line regiment we know can (or could) do it perfectly. We had a relative in this push whose handling in a celebrated south-west gale of bearskin, toothbrush-moustache, monocle, and frigid martial glare struck the populace dumb and had an especial effect on nursing mothers. As for Napoleon's Guardees, they not only fought all over Europe in perfectly-balanced bearskins but might be faced with the additional ordeal, at inspections, of finding an Imperial thumb and forefinger poking under the rim in search of an ear for the purpose of playfully tweaking it, a Napoleonic foible. Discipline was ruthless.

"Well?"

"Bompignol, grenadier, Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagr—"

"Where is your right ear?"

"Sire, it came off last time you pulled it."

"Sergeant-major!"

Fifty days' clink and packdrill for any missing article of equipment was what the Old Guard got, and very properly. The type who parades with one ear missing is the type who will show up one-half-pr. socks at kit-inspection. All right, sergeant-major.

Churrigueresco

FACES in far Fiji are badly planned, observed Sir John Squire pensively some time ago in a stirring Ballade of Empire.

Gold-Coastians have the most disgusting faces; Australians go berserk when they're canned; The British Colonies are curious places.

Meanwhile the Old Home Pan is undergoing a notable change, according to a scientific expert. The Race's features are losing that old fresh pink innocent roundness, once the world's delight and wonder. Fear, worry, bad food and the Police State are paling and yellowing and lining them. The expert didn't say if he thought this more attractive. We, personally, do. We've been looking at photographs of the pre-1914 Island Pan, product of a hundred years of sleek freedom, peace, and moneymaking. Nothing palls more quickly. Even when diversified by a fixed Napoleonic scowl, as in the case of great Press lords, it looks all wrong. Crowned by a shiny top hat, it reminds any architecture-lover of the 18th-century Spanish style called *churrigueresco*, after Churriguera, apostle of baroque-run-mad, damned by modern Spanish art-critics as frightful.

You say the pre-war Island Pan probably looked all right in its time and place. We say suffering has purged it of grossness and made it spiritually beautiful. Damn this hiccup.

Angle

IF you want to be invited once only into the Flyfishers' Club, ask your host breezily how many herring—h, e, r, r, i, n, g—he has caught lately.

According to a dietician, this harmless victim of Island snobbery is now coming into favour at last. Delicious, nourishing (1129 calories to the lb.), and an exquisitely clean feeder, the herring is (or was) too cheap to be popular; apart from which he affords anglers no scope for all that exhibitionism you see on the Test or the Spey. We've nothing against anglers—in fact we know one called "Jimmy" who is a dear fellow, a dear person—but for an angler to angle for herrings would make him *déclassé*, one gathers. Moreover after catching herrings you hand them to whacking big Scottish sweethearts, technically called "girls," who rip out herrings' guts like lightning and pop them into brine-tubs. This propinquity might lead to scandal, or even wedding-bells, anglers think.

Footnote

THERE'S a Barrie story about an angler, a woman, and a barbel which took the fly just as the woman was blushingly averting her head preparatory to saying "Yeth." The fish saved her at the last moment from what the local papers would have infallibly described as "an interesting marriage." Our information is that no genuine angler's marriage is of the faintest interest.

Fracas

A POLICE-COURT case involving a fearful tribal blood-feud, arising from a citizen's treading accidentally on a pet doggie belonging to the lady next door, inevitably recalled that historic occasion celebrated in the graceful, melancholy lines of Mr. Douglas Woodruff:

There was, alas, no R.S.P.C.A.
In Panama that memorable day
When Cortes, quite the stoutest of his men,
Stood silent on a Peke in Darien.

The result was the total collapse of the Spanish Empire, as Prescott or any other Whig historian will tell you. The conscience of the Race awoke. Battalions of old ladies wrote furiously to Good Queen Bess. A popular Dean invoked Heaven's vengeance for this typical example of decadent Latin savagery and predicted inevitable doom. Meanwhile Stout Cortes, though scared to death, continued doggedly with the conquest of Mexico.

*O infamia! O siglo!
O corrupción!*

Cat-lovers (of whom we are one) will consider this public outburst rather futile.



A Napoleonic foible . . .



Cadet H. W. Hosking, of the Royal Military Academy, winning the long jump at 21 ft. 1 in.



Capt. A. P. B. Chadburn (Milocarian; left) winning the 220 yards. He may run for Britain at Wembley



Capt. T. H. G. Jackson (Milocarian) beating Cadet A. M. Dillon (R.M.A.) in the 100 yards sprint

Services Athletes Meet at Sandhurst

Olympic "Possibles" Among Them



The Milocarian Trophy for schools, - instituted in 1946

The Milocarian Athletic Club, open to all officers and cadets of the three Services, recently had a meeting with the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst which resulted in a win for the visitors by 67 points to 56. After the hard-fought day, in which the R.M.A., though defeated, were far from disgraced, the Milocarians had a reunion tea-party to celebrate the revival of their activities after six years of war. Among them were many past Olympic figures, the eldest being Lt.-Gen. Sir F. A. M. Browning, K.B.E., C.B., Comptroller of Princess Elizabeth's Household, who is president of the Club, and was an Olympic hurdler in 1924. He recalled the Club's many pre-war successes, including the A.A.A. Championships, and representation in the Olympic Games of 1932 and 1936

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Lt. J. H. Scott Wilson (Milocarian) won the two-mile race with plenty in hand, a fine performance



Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning (left), talking to Col. R. W. Batten and "Dusty" Miller, former Army boxing champion



Mrs. J. Gavin and Capt. J. E. Cordingley discussing the events at the Milocarian reunion party held after the match



Cadet W. Tate (R.M.A.) winning the half-mile from Capt. P. H. Duckworth (Milocarian), a well-deserved win after a very exacting race



The president with a group of hurdlers: Capt. A. P. B. Chadburn, W/Cdr. D. O. Finlay (Olympics, 1932 and 1936), Lt.-Col. O. G. W. White, former Army champion, Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, Col. C. P. Harrington, Cdre. D. M. L. Neame, R.N. (Olympics, 1928), and Cadet S. T. Harrison, youngest hurdler of the Club



Robertson, Elgin

Following the Hunter Trials organised by the Darnaway Pony Club at Darnaway Castle, the seat of the Earl of Moray: the Hon. James Stuart, son of the Earl, Miss Josephine Gordon-Cumming, Prince Max von Baden, the Countess of Moray, Lady Gordon-Cumming and her son, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bt.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

A VERY sagacious person who lived in the latter half of the eleventh century, and who, incidentally, was the bosom friend of the leading assassin of those times, "The Old Man of the Mountains," quite frankly admitted that, in spite of eagerly "frequenting" Doctor and Saint and hearing great argument "about it and about," he came out by exactly the same door as the one by which he went in. He also said that he never found The Key, or got past The Veil. He is by no means singular in this last respect, but though no Doctor or Saint was able to tell him about "It," it is quite obvious from his philosophical treatise that he did learn something and was not the ignorant ass he would like us to think. Manifestly the people who taught in the eleventh century in Persia were streets ahead of "The Doctors and Saints" who profess to teach to-day.

I am judging by information picked up over a fairly lengthy period from those for whose education we taxpayers have to foot the bill. It would be wearisome to set out a full list of what the Secondary School boy or girl knows, but I think these few specimens, collected quite recently from a little girl of fifteen, are fairly convincing and all were volunteered. "New Delhi which may be built some day is in the Himalaya mountains"; "Johannesburg is a seaport on the West coast of Africa"; "The Congo river is noted for its pygmies."

I thought she might have heard about Julius Caesar, but she hadn't the foggiest notion of who he was. If she had been a Secondary School boy I rather expect the answer would have been: "He ain't running in the two-thirty." "By that same door!" But Omar did bring something out with him, even if the Great Mystery was not amongst his collection. These latter-day Umaidwars apparently collect nothing from the modern "Doctors and Saints."

Indoor Fox-Hunting

WHILST we all listen with respectful admiration to the scintillating lucubrations of the talented writer of the third Leader in our august contemporary "The Thunderer," there are times when even he seems to get an inch or two out of his depth. In a recent kindly reference to the bannister-sliding exploit of a Mrs. Dolph, of the U.S.A., on her roist birthday, he wrote: "What wire has done to fox-hunting the Civil Service—by requisitioning most of the mansions where good runs were formerly to be had—has done to bannister-sliding."

This might lead some who are not good at fox-hunting into a belief that a stinging forty minutes without a check is frequently enjoyed by the venturesome with a fox found in the

library and handsomely pulled down in the butler's pantry, even though our friend is merely referring to that hard-working and underpaid body, the Civil Service. One cannot be too explicit when mentioning this exhilarating, and sometimes even dangerous form of exercise, since there are those who still believe that even in these penurious days in which we exist, the fox-hunter, after going out with the heavy hang-over which four bottles of Black Strap are apt to induce, so arranges things as to have a desperate dart from one pub to the next, to return home plastered—not only with mud.

Speaking as one with a somewhat lengthy, and often chequered, experience of the business before the whole land was turned into bird-cage and plough, I feel it my duty to put on record that this impression is quite erroneous, and that as a tribe "hunters" are the most abstemious people in our midst, and were so long before the present prohibitive prices came into being. A toast sandwich and some very light sherry out of a thing known as a "monkey" were the utmost limits of their midday meal, the fox and lost horses permitting, and then home to a simple tea, a big bath and a Spartan dinner—that is so far as the wise ones were concerned. The unwise may have gorged themselves on a couple of dozen of oysters, a *filet de bœuf au Chateaubriand*, a bit of pheasant, a savoury and other

things, plus lashings of port, but the wise always remembered that, when tired, poor Little Mary ought not to be given too much to do.

There are, of course, many other erroneous ideas about this highly technical sport. For instance, I was once asked: "How long does it take you to run to ground?" There is no time limit, and every fox does not find a convenient hole into which to pop. Quite often he gallops his pursuers to a standstill, much in the same way as I fear some more well-fed French horses will have done over at Ascot.

What We Did for India

M R. H. G. RAWLINSON, C.I.E., who is the author of a good new book, *The British Achievement in India* (William Hodge and Co., Ltd.; 15s.), is someone who knows his subject, and as, in addition to his decoration, he is entitled to the letters F.R.Hist.S. after his name it is not surprising to find that he has no difficulty at all in taking the story of what Britain did for India from "John Company's" days to the date of the Deplorable Landslide in his stride.

The more knowledgeable and less fanatical sections of the numerous nations of India well know that every word in this dispassionate, well-written and well-documented record is true. The worshippers of the bloodthirsty goddess Kali, even with the gruesome record of what has happened in India since Britain left, are not open to argument. They know the truth, but are never likely to admit it.

Mr. Rawlinson quotes a passage from a speech made at a period when the terrorist murders were approaching their peak in 1909, a time which has had no cessation and has only changed its colour. Then the selected victims of dagger, bomb and bullet were white; now the dark races fight one another and the casualties have been on the scale of those of a major war. Mr. Gokhale, who must have been a very wise person, saw clearly those forty-one years ago what was likely to happen when the steady hand which held the scales relinquished its always thankless task, and Mr. Rawlinson could not have selected an utterance by an Indian about India which better epitomises the true situation. Here is the pith and core of that speech:

"Our old public life was based on frank and loyal acceptance of British rule, due to a recognition of the fact that it alone could secure to the country the peace and order which were necessary for slowly evolving a nation out of the heterogeneous elements of which India was composed and for ensuring to it a steady advance in different directions."

If you wish to realise the truth of this, here is your motto: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*



"Not out . . ."

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (NO. 4)

A bird whose defiance of the law of gravity has so far baffled a host of eminent scientists. Radioactivity is suspected

ADULT MALE: General colour above indeterminate owing to the monstrous shaggy sable crest that adorns the bird's cranial dome: impairing its sight and affording it a most top-heavy appearance; body feathers scarlet and sleekly fitting, much furrowed at the clavicle bones, wing tips and tail with ornate growths; shanks spindly and bluish, daintily striped on the obverse sides with scarlet feathers; feet black and patently nimble; in some members of the familice, spurred.

HABITS: This gaudy member of the *Warrior Warbler* genus has not, for the past few years, been observed in all the awesome grandeur of its spring plumage: it is, therefore, with some joy that its amusing sable crest may once more be seen bobbing to and fro as it moves with measured tread around and about the more stately piles of London. At this time the bird is guardedly silent, but at other times it is extremely noisy, its great booming cry, a kind of "Motheatenbearskin-Taek-thetmansnaem," striking fear and trepidation into the hearts of the not so senior members of the sub-order: and quite often causing the very young to drop whatever they may be holding. The latter calamitous happening invoking much indignant chatter amongst the older individuals.

HABITATS: All verdant areas in the more westerly regions of London. The bird appears at its best when it is able to find flat, hard surface upon which to strut and trail its several colours, though it is very sensitive to the humidity-content of the atmosphere at such times. The species nests in colonies and the bird will roost for hours when in the vicinity of fluid sustenance: it is then at its most vociferous, though observers report that, unlike most species, its solemn and circumspect gait is entirely unaffected, even by the most ample intake of this form of nourishment.



The Red-Breasted Buteo—or Busbi Bird

(*Famuslastwurds-Hecorluditabusbi*)

Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson—Glasgow.

AN Indian Test cricketer, seeing Lord's for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, it's not even level!" And it isn't, quite. There is a gentle slope from the Grandstand, on top of which Father Time eternally fiddles with the bails, towards the Tavern. It's as well the slope isn't the other way. Otherwise, the imprudent wassailer might suddenly glide from his companions on to the arena.

To the cricketer from overseas, Lord's is Mecca; and I once met a West Indian who seemed a little disappointed not to find the Peers sitting there in coronets and ermine. "Where does the King watch from?" he asked. I pointed out to him the Committee-room. He looked inside, as if half-expecting to see a throne. Instead, a sort of Board Room, with the usual air of well-swept dignity and empty exclusiveness.

The Australians, perhaps most of all, feel that Lord's is worth the journey; though the Melbourne and Sydney cricket grounds can take more than twice the Lord's capacity. Over there, too, you can learn at once from the giant scoreboards who's doing what in the game. A spectator arriving at Lord's, unless he chance on a printed score-card, can stand for an hour and more in comprehensive ignorance of identities.

A friend of mine, in such a case, once asked a bystander who the batsman was, and was told, "Don't know, mate, but I've never seen anyone miss 'em prettier."

Of the present Australian team, Don Bradman and Bill Brown have each scored a double-century and a century in Tests at Lord's. I can still hear the flop of relief with which England's captain, Percy Chapman, hit the grass after catching Bradman, 254, at extra-cover, off Jack White in 1930. He caught the Marvel again in the second innings, almost invisibly, at backward point off Maurice Tate, this time for 1.

CHAPMAN almost saved England with his 121 in the second innings. He began, as often, somewhat experimentally, then started caning the little wizard, Clarrie Grimmett. Four times he hit him over the boundary. For sheer grace and charm of stroke, nothing in that match touched K. S. Duleepsinhji's 173. "Ranji" was there to see it; and for once "Uncle" approved. Three more years, and illness ended "Duleep's" cricket. But at twenty-nine years of age, he had done enough for immortality.

Lord's 1934 was Verity's match, 15 wickets for 104, including Bradman twice, for 49 in all. Not forgetting Cyril Walter's 80-odd in England's first innings; the nearest thing to Reggie Spooner in latter years. Ten years ago, when the Australian McCormick had ripped away two of England's batsmen for only 20, Walter Hammond sailed into one of his greatest innings, Eddie Paynter and Leslie Ames abetting. So, to Lord's 1948, and the last view there of Bradman *versus* England. So he says.



JOHN OLLIFF has given us the sort of book on Lawn Tennis that we have long waited for, wit and authority meeting in happy marriage. Most admirably drawn are his snapshots of great players. Tilden and Borotra he compares respectively to Henry Irving and Owen Nares. "Tilden and Irving compelled admiration and applause by their intrinsic genius; it was their great art they wanted to 'put across' and not themselves. Borotra and Nares were of a very different school, and they wanted everyone on their side; they wanted to fight with the world and not against it." He picks the Australian, Jack Crawford, as "the living illustration to a textbook on the strokes of the game," and tells how "his languid manner was very deceptive." A similar deceptiveness occurs in the author's own game on the court.

John Olliff, by the way, could have been a master of several games, and, when a boy at St. Paul's, he was the bud of a remarkable batsman. You should read *Olliff on Tennis*.

BEFORE the start of a professional golf tournament in the United States recently, the promoter remarked that the back tees would not be used, as "we want low scores for the publicity."

This candidly expressed ambition reminds me of a cricket festival in which I once took part in the North of England. We were told that the umpires, in the case of leading batsmen, would go gently with the l.b.w. law. "You see," said a committee man, "it's 'oondreds we like opp 'ere, and we mean to 'ave 'oondreds." They had them, too.



High Street, Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire



The Foley Arms, Malvern, built in 1810

These two illustrations are from Volume III. of *Recording Britain*, published by the Oxford University Press in association with the Pilgrim Trust. There is one more volume to come of the £5 5s. set, and the present one considers, beside Worcestershire, the notable survivals of many northern counties, also Staffordshire, the Welsh Counties, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, and Gloucestershire. The drawings and paintings by eminent artists are in a charming array of soft tints, and the accompanying letterpress is witty and imaginative

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

BEMELMANS' *Dirty Eddie*—announced in its native land as "the novel about Hollywood to end all novels about Hollywood"—has now come to London. More exactly, it has been published in England by Messrs. Hamish Hamilton, at 8s. 6d. I should like to stress that the operative factor in this announcement is not so much "more about Hollywood" as "more—and, arguably, even the best so far—from Ludwig Bemelmans." So far, the masterpieces have been *The Blue Danube*, *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* and *Hotel Splendide*. To star these might seem to be stigmatising the others as lesser works—which would be wholly wrong. Some may be less in volume; none lack the flavour. And *I Love You, I Love You, I Love You* demands a place of its own.

This would seem to be a case of the transplantation, to the propitious climate of the United States, of an essentially Continental wit and soul—a non-American rediscovery of America. Some of us first got to know Mr. Bemelmans through his hotel-restaurant pieces in *The New Yorker*. He always has had an angle of his own; a unique trick of popping into our mental mouths little chunks of emotion lightly and dryly dusted over with salt.

THERE is something *farouche* about his characters; one never knows where or when they are going to break out next—at the same time, how earnestly, how sympathetically, they are always attempting to toe the line! And his—or rather, their—comicalities always have an element of the soul about them. He is a comedian who does nothing whatever to diminish life—on the contrary, he sometimes acts on one (almost inadvertently, one might think) majestically, unnervingly, as might Dostoevski.

From the shadowland of Hollywood, its illusions and cynisms, Mr. Bemelmans might, accordingly, be expected to extract something new, something fresh, something more. He has done so. It is also like him to have made the master-character in this story a small black pig. It is, again, like him to have selected a title which lays the blameless reader open to all sorts of charges of salacious taste—it requires, you may find, nerve to sport this novel in public: your reviewer, for instance, innocently absorbed in *Dirty Eddie* throughout a long train journey in a crowded compartment, came to the surface from time to time to find herself the object of narrow looks. Actually, this career of a pig

starlet who gives his name to the novel, and the fortunes of the human beings surrounding him, would be suitable for reading aloud in any vicarage—amorous episodes, towards which from time to time the story begins to veer, are inevitably cut short by anticlimax.

DIRTY EDDIE may steal the film in which he stars, the widely pre-publicised *Will You Marry Me*: he does not, I should say, entirely steal this novel. The artless Belinda—"discovered" by director Vanya Vashvily during the pursuance of her regular and irregular duties as night elevator girl in a New York hotel—Vashvily himself; Walter, his coloured servant; Ludlow Mumm, formerly hard-up author more than half disconcerted by his Hollywood break; Moses Fable, benevolent ogre-boss of Olympia Pictures, and Cassard the Frenchman (co-hero with Dirty Eddie) all bid strongly for interest in their own rights. Cassard, in fact, with his wiles, his extravagances, his obstinate addiction to our Belinda, is just the magnetic figure every novel requires. Here is his first entrance:

On a chair in the modern living-room of the producer's house sat Belinda. After Vashvily had made the introductions, Cassard divested himself first of his gloves and raincoat and after that took hold of a curious garment, a kind of knitted muffler consisting of a short bib at the back and a longer one in front and an opening to put his head through. It looked like something to wear for the guillotine. He pulled this off over his coiffure so that the black, silky hair was disarranged and stood away in all directions like monkey fur.

During the process of undressing he had crossed and recrossed the living-room. He was an extremely articulate and nervous man. He had said, "Thank you, thank you" to the offer of tea and cigarettes and of a chair; and in a sagging fashion, with his knees falling forward, he had visited with regularity the four walls that formed the room, as if they were about to fall down and he had to rush to hold them up. Together with these mannerisms went the destruction

of countless cigarettes which he took out of a pack, stuck in his mouth, bent and crushed into ash-trays, but rarely lit. The pacing, the heavy breathing that accompanied it, the sitting down on chairs for half a minute and then rushing to the collapsing walls, all were signals that he was charged with a new plot or trying to adapt an old one. He was an able, hard-working man of great talent and iron memory.

Dirty Eddie, runt of an otherwise unexceptionable pink litter at Farmer Weatherbeat's place, enters the story violently and late: Cassard and Belinda run him down, in Cassard's car, in the course of a country drive. Inspiration brings Dirty Eddie to the Olympia studios. On his first day:

He politely refused a drink when the secretary brought in a paper cup with water, by shaking his head and smiling that engaging, sardonic smile which was to endear him to millions.

"Nice pig," said Moses Fable, who usually paid no attention to bit players and extras.

As Belinda came in, Dirty Eddie made sounds of affection. His small eyes shone. He smiled again and bowed, and his tail twisted itself into a tight spiral.

Ludlow Mumm's paralysis, under the super-luxury production conditions of Hollywood, is convincing—though some of us might feel we could do with a bit of that! Cassard, in the matter of Dirty Eddie and various other ploys of his own, out-smarts himself: what a nightmare start has his



Muhlfeld the Clarinettiste (1910), a picture in the Renoir exhibition now in its last week at the Lefèvre Gallery. The subject was a friend of Renoir's and of Brahms', who dedicated a quintette to him

honeymoon! Early on, Belinda's whirlwind marriage to a young airman, and subsequent account of her life, tragically terminated, as an airman's wartime bride in an ant-ridden bungalow, are deeply moving. So is the episode in which ageing Betsy Allbright, uncrowned queen of Hollywood, star of the "silent" days, runs through for Belinda an ancient, jerky film which epitomises Betsy's earliest triumph. . . . *Dirty Eddie* is something rare—a novel in which you will laugh a little at everyone, laugh a little with everyone, and like everyone. Thanks, Mr. Bemelmans.

"COVENT GARDEN," by Desmond Shawe-Taylor (Max Parrish; 6s.), tells us the story of three successive theatres, on the same site, with whose one and by now historic name is associated opera in London. Vivid, apparently light, but informative, this was a needed book, and a better man could not have been found to write it—Mr. Shawe-Taylor, as broadcaster on musical subjects, former radio critic of the *Sunday Times* and present music critic of the *New Statesman*, needs no introduction. Neither, one might have imagined, does his subject—none the less, it is extraordinary how much vagueness as to the past and fortunes of opera in this country does exist, how many ignorances and misconceptions have been waiting for Mr. Shawe-Taylor to clear them up.

Here we have the architectural, social and, above all, musical history of Covent Garden Theatre: erected on the site of a former nunnery and twice burnt down. Few playhouses, here or abroad, seem to have got by without at one time or another bursting into flames: the best to be hoped was, no actual loss of life. It is, in fact, remarkable Mr. Shawe-Taylor notes, not that those theatre-fires of the past occurred, but that they did not occur more often—wooden scenery, flimsy dresses, candle-light succeeded by blowy gas, lack of precautions and powerful back-stage draughts all asked for trouble.

* * *

FROM the first, proximity and pretension both made inevitable a rivalry between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The original Covent Garden Theatre, built and sponsored by John Rich, opened in 1732 with a performance of Congreve's *Way of the World*. Box-office takings the first night were not what had been expected; but an early revival of *The Beggar's Opera* (that work which made Gay rich and Rich gay) put Covent Garden firmly on the theatrical map.

"Variety," in the form of that day, followed: he theatre was not to gain musical importance until its association with Handel, which lasted intermittently from 1734 until the composer's death in 1759. The uncertain success of his operas made Handel turn his attention to oratorio: the first London performance of *Messiah* was given, in the presence of George II., in 1743.

From then on, this first Covent Garden alternated between oratorios and "straight" drama. Garrick appeared there in 1746. In the 1760's and 1770's Goldsmith and Sheridan "placed" the theatre in theatrical rather than musical history. It was, one regrets to hear, the scene of notable brawls—there is no doubt, Mr. Shawe-Taylor says, that English playhouse manners were at one time among the rowdiest in Europe. Mrs. Siddons herself was nearly hit by an apple.

* * *

IN 1792, the theatre was handsomely rebuilt, decorated inside in green and gold, only to be burned down in 1808. Kemble, who had acquired an interest in it, was ruined. The succeeding (or second) theatre, designed by Sir Robert Smirke and opened in 1809, was in its day one of the largest in Europe: it was this which became the opera house proper—though not until after some years of dwindling fame. There was still a shyness of all-out opera: masterpieces of Mozart, Rossini and others had to be "adapted" for the English stage—"it seemed impossible," says Mr. Shawe-Taylor,

"at that time to present any foreign opera without a quantity of interpolations and additional music."

The tide, in fact, came in slowly, but did come in: this book records the move to the climax of full and magnificent performances. This second Covent Garden, having been totally reconstructed, reopened in 1847 as the "Royal Italian Opera House." For seasons it steadily made history. It was burned down in 1856: the outbreak occurred in the course of a vulgar carnival ball.

The third Covent Garden—having happily, one might say amazingly, survived two wars—still stands, requiring no description. . . . Your reviewer is not qualified to do justice to Mr. Shawe-Taylor's fascinating discussion of opera itself—its slow start here, its brilliant names, its still varying fortunes, its future. His chapters IV. and V., "An Age of Great Singers" and "The End of the Star System," will be found particularly rewarding. "It becomes worth while," he says at a given point, "to attempt an answer to those most puzzling of questions: what were the performances of the 'palmy days' really like, and how would they compare with a typical performance of our own times?" You will find, I think, that both questions are fairly met. . . . *Covent Garden* is diversely illustrated, in colour and black-and-white.

* * *

Since then Bill Johnson has been making records on his own and has established himself as a recording artist of distinction.

This month he sings *Down by the Old Mill Stream* and *Galway Bay*. He is accompanied by Philip Green and his Orchestra who, as always, put in some excellent work. He has everything to offer, including a direct sincerity that is as delightful as it is rare. (Columbia DB. 2415.)

Robert Tredinnick.

what material! "Almost every visitor to the Grand Canyon," Mr. Corle says, "after he has recovered from the shock of the first look, wants to know two things: 'When did this happen—and what caused it?' The answers are simple: It happened twelve million years ago; and the river did it." For visitors wanting to know the details, and for non-visitors who, in armchairs here and elsewhere, revel in reading about the Grand Canyon, in default of seeing it, this book is designed. We are told of the different types of people who have, in turn, peered over the Canyon's rim—first the Spanish conquistadors; then the priests; then American trappers, scouts, frontiersmen; now, the tourists. Several perished; several came to stay.

Mr. Corle supplies some stirring character-portraits. One "local," John Hance, when plagued by nice little children as to how the Canyon came into being, invariably used to reply: "I dug it." . . . This book is enriched by six spectacular photographs.

* * *

"GEORGE DU MAURIER," by Derek Pepys Whitely (Arts and Technics; 10s. 6d.), is an excellent study of the least-known and artistically most important aspect of the versatile du Maurier's work. Most of us think of him as the *Punch* artist and the author of *Trilby* and the other novels: his genius for book-illustration has been forgotten. Great interest should, therefore, attach to the drawings collected here: work belonging to what Mr. Whitely calls the golden age of book-illustration—the 1860's. Two essays—one biographical, one analysing the drawings—open this book, which I thoroughly recommend to everyone interested in black-and-white art.

Winifred Lewis

ON

Fashions

RETAILERS and manufacturers stood up to meet the impact of a shopping spree when the bonus issue of coupons was released and are a little chastened. Touring the stores one found a moderate number of coupon-struck shoppers, but not the anticipated flood. The moral to be drawn from this is that money, and not coupons, is the Big Bogey. At least this revelation clears the air to some extent, and may even be fortuitous if it should be instrumental in starting a downward drift of prices. Taking all factors into consideration, there is little doubt that certain types of clothing outside the utility range could be reduced. As a director of one big retail chain of stores put it to me: the existence of large, immovable stocks in the warehouses of the country is already introducing a healthier atmosphere of competition—and competition means price-cutting.



Though price restrictions have their obvious advantages to the public, the tendency in the sellers' market which has prevailed for so long is for manufacturers automatically to mark non-utility clothes at ceiling price. Many excellent clothes have been, and still are being, made at this price level—some manufacturers are, to my knowledge, giving more than value for money at the controlled price, but the shopping public is well aware that this is not always the case, and a new Resistance Movement has begun in opposition to prices which have no relation to values. The sales resistance which is making itself felt just now is, in a limited sense, a healthy, if a minor, step towards normality, though the shortage of money which motivates it may prevent our regarding it with anything but wry-faced approval.

But to less sober matters of fashion:

THE Eton and Harrow match should go down to history as the event at which the veil-under-the-chin fashion topped all previously recorded heights of nonsense. Faces from sixteen to sixty, cutely framed in tulle, were as numerous as lawn daisies, and in piteously few cases comparable in charm. In a season when hats are as enchantingly gay and becoming, is it necessary so to gild the lily? What began as a demure and charming affectation for the strictly youthful has become as monotonous as a worn-out tune, and in too many instances perilously near the ludicrous. And, please, not tulle under the chin with suits!

"Flat and flowery" most adequately describes the trend of hats at Ascot and other recent formal functions. Wide-brimmed coarse straws, with shallow crowns wreathed with flowers, feathers and fruit, have been a pleasure to see.

A HAIR style devised for current hat fashions is an absolute "must." The most divinely becoming hat is a flop unless the contours of the hair are complementary to those of the headgear. For instance, the little flower-trimmed boater which perches flat on the crown of the head becomes nonsense when the hair is worn drooping below the ears. Short curls, upswept at the sides, or, for longer tresses, drawn tightly back from the temples with the ends pinned under a chignon, are kindest to current hat fashions. One hairdresser has, with admirable timing, opened a millinery salon on the premises where hats and hair styles can marry.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Maguire — Delahunt

Mr. Conor P. Maguire, eldest son of the Lord Chief Justice of Eire, and Mrs. Conor Maguire, of Ashurst, Blackrock, County Dublin, married Miss Katriona Delahunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Delahunt, of Villanita, Wicklow, Eire, at the University Church, Dublin



McGrigor — Edmonstone

Capt. Sir Charles Edward McGrigor, Bt., only son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Charles McGrigor, and of Lady McGrigor, of Cadogan Square, S.W.1, married Miss Mary Bettine Edmonstone, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Edmonstone, of Dunreath Castle, Blanefield, Stirlingshire, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



English — Napier

Mr. Philip E. R. English, of Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, son of the late Mr. C. R. English, and of Mrs. English, of Southern Rhodesia, married Miss Patricia Mary Stuart Napier, daughter of the Hon. Sir Albert and Lady Napier, of Cheyne Gardens, S.W.3, at Christ Church, Chelsea



Langrishe — Vanbergen

Mr. Philip John Dupper Langrishe, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. John Langrishe, R.A.M.C., and of Mrs. Langrishe, of Bordyke House, Tonbridge, married Miss Phyllis Edwina Vanbergen, younger daughter of Mr. Charles Vanbergen, and stepdaughter of Mrs. Ethel Vanbergen, of Bassets, Hildenborough, Kent, at St. John's Church, Hildenborough



Ward — Neven-Spence

Capt. Bernard Maxwell Ward, elder son of Mr. Ward, of Ceylon, and of Mrs. Bartlett, of Sherborne, married Miss Sunniva Neven-Spence, elder daughter of Sir Basil Neven-Spence, M.P., and Lady Neven-Spence, of Hall of Uyea, Shetland, and Ashley Place, S.W. The wedding took place in the Crypt of the House of Commons



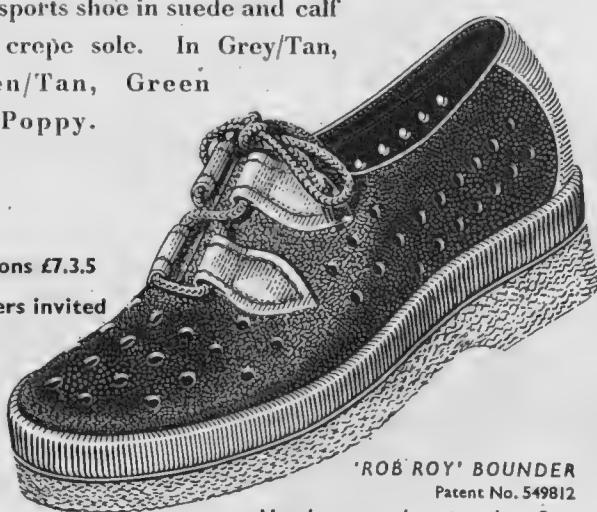
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Jennifer Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hill, of Beckley, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. A. L. à Court Robinson, elder son of Cdr. V. J. Robinson, R.N. (ret'd.), of Warminster, and the Hon. Mrs. à Court Robinson, of Flax Bourton, Somerset



Miss Marion Tibbett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Tibbett, of Invergrange, Hillcrest Way, Gerrards Cross, who is engaged to Major Joseph R. Severn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Severn, of Wensley, Gerrards Cross, Bucks



Miss Naomi Petit, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Christopher Petit, of Spey House, Kingston Hill, who is to marry in September Dr. Paul Carton, of Taunton, Somerset, only son of the late Dr. Paul Carton, and of Mrs. Carton, of Dublin



Miss Margaret Morgan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Morgan, of King's Somborne, Hants, who is to marry Lt. J. R. N. Gardner, youngest son of the late Major J. S. Gardner, and of Mrs. Gardner, of Rugeley, Staffs



Miss Jocelyn Patterson, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Patterson, of Ruthin Castle, North Wales, who is engaged to Mr. T. Barry McMurray, only son of Professor T. P. McMurray, C.B.E., F.R.C.S.E., of Rodney Street, Liverpool, and of the late Mrs. McMurray



Miss Jennifer Antonia Speyer, daughter of Mr. F. C. O. Speyer, C.B.E., and Mrs. Speyer, of Old Court Mansions, W.8, who is shortly to be married to Mr. Patrick Graham Hedley-Dent, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. E. Hedley-Dent, of Belsay, Northumberland

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Oliver Stewart

on FLYING

AIR FRANCE occasionally changes its status; but it hardly ever changes its staff. That is a high tribute to any organization. At the party held in London recently to celebrate the opening of the new non-stop service between London and Nice, it was pleasant to be welcomed by Jack Bamford, who must have been with Air France and its predecessors for well over twenty-five years.

And there are many others in this company, both French and English, who are old friends of all who remember the early days of aviation. When one goes to an Air France party one distinguishes the authentic aeronautical flavour.

For the gourmets as well as the gourmands and all who appreciate good things, I must add that travellers on the new non-stop service to the Côte d'Azur are served with a real French luncheon shortly after they take off as the guests of Air France. This air service is a revival of the passenger service first established by Air France twenty years ago. Let us hope that it presages the days of easier travelling conditions between the two countries.

Welcome Guests

WHILE as many people as can arrange it are preparing to go abroad for a holiday, the guests invited by the Royal Aero Club will be over here. By the time these notes appear they should have arrived at Gatwick.

Colonel R. L. Preston, Secretary-General of the Royal Aero Club, and the others responsible, have worked hard to provide our visitors with an interesting and entertaining stay. It remains to say how welcome these guests are and how pleased

everybody in British aviation is—not only those directly responsible for the arrangements—to see them

The Classical Side

MOST people will feel that the Royal Aeronautical Society has taken the right step in divorcing its annual garden party from the display held by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. The practice of holding the garden party immediately after the S.B.A.C. display, at the same aerodrome and with the same flying show, had its advantages; but on the whole I think that the Society should have an entirely separate event.

The Society, being the premier learned body, requires a slightly different atmosphere. It should not be so concerned with the latest developments as with the historical side. And I hear that the garden party, which is to be at White Waltham this year, will in fact be something novel and interesting.

It will not concentrate attention upon ultra-high speeds, but will rather look to the smaller machines and to the kinds of low-powered aircraft with which aero-nautical history was made. One idea, which would provide a certain draw if it can be done, is to have a spherical balloon on show.

Vampires Across the Sea

FORMATION of my old squadron, A Number 54, is to make the first Atlantic flight by jet aircraft flying in formation. The aircraft are de Havilland Vampires and the route is the usual Iceland, Greenland and Labrador.

Fifty-four has an interesting history. It was a Sopwith Pup Squadron (and later Sopwith Camel) in the



W/Cdr. John A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C., only son of Mr. R. Kent, of Vancouver, who recently married Miss Elizabeth Weale, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. R. S. Weale, M.C., and Mrs. Weale of Highfield, Virginia Water, Surrey

first World War. Since then the whole gamut of fast piston-engined fighters has been played until we come to the jet-engined machine.

The Atlantic flight will do something to get rid of the erroneous idea that jet-engined aircraft are only able to fly about a hundred kilometres without re-fuelling. The consumption figures have nearly always been related to time or to thrust. What matters is the relationship of the consumption figures to distance travelled. On that basis the jet-engined machine is not so bad.

Litres per hundred kilometres are the things that matter. But I suppose, in reporting this flight, that absurd measure the nautical mile—which is different for Britain, for France and for America—will be used officially just to confuse the issue. It is time aviation used the internationally standardized measures, then we could appreciate long range flying more readily.

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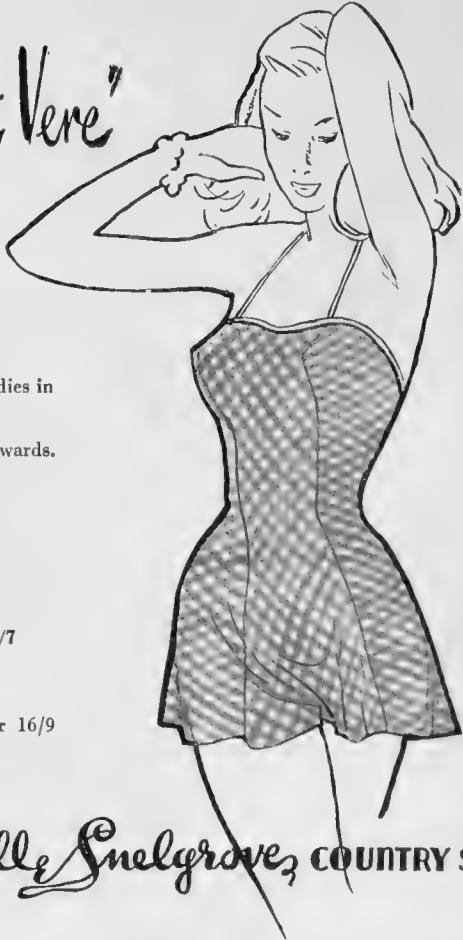
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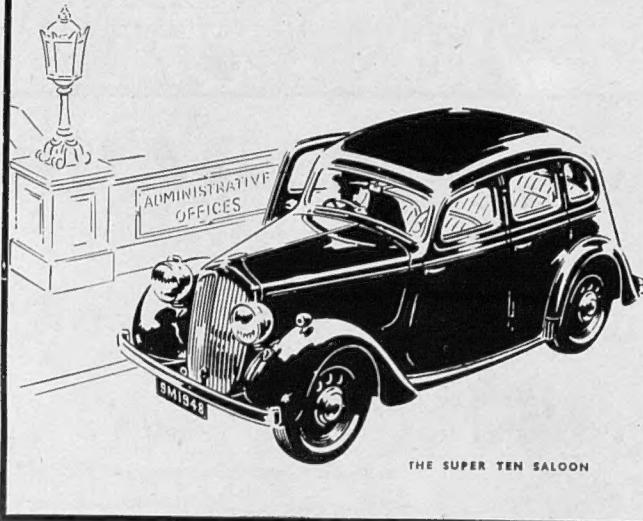
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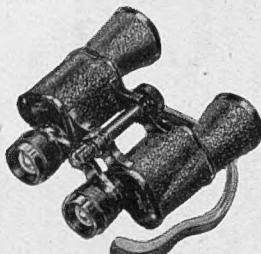
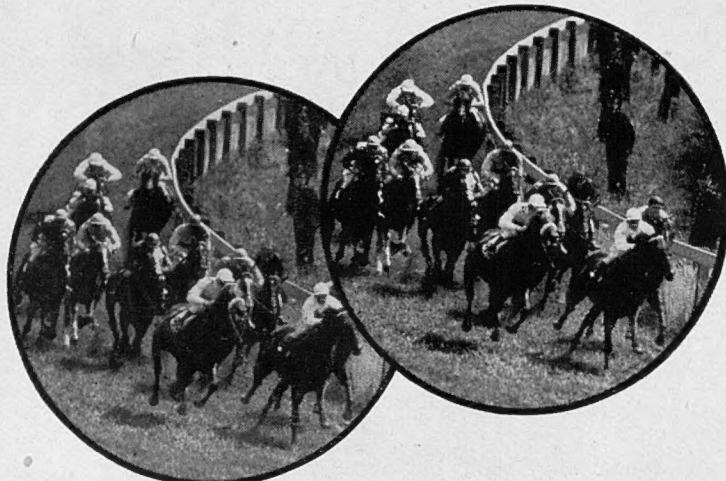
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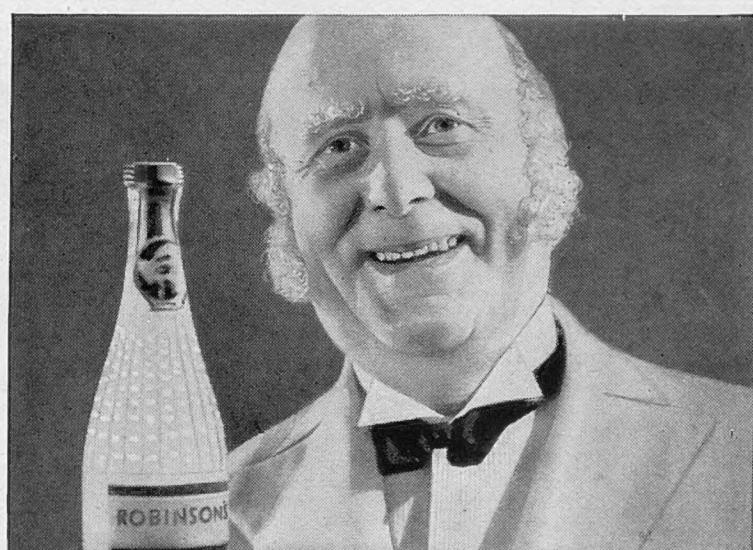
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